**Someone's Gotta Do It**

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# Someone's Gotta Do It

by theStarfly

Summary

A bunch of drabbles, mostly one-shot, some to be continued in parts.
Complete list of chapter descriptions in the notes.

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5. Reluctant Cat-Sitter!Will Graham (part 2)
6. Loving Dad!Will Graham
7. Molly Graham Don't Need No Man
8. Cop!Will Graham - Good Cop, Bad Dragon

Notes

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Chapter basics:

1. Reluctant Cat-Sitter!Will Graham (part 1)
2. Woodsman!Will Graham whom Hannibal would like to woo
3. Pining!Hannibal being melodramatic
4. Begrudgingly Famous Writer!Will Graham (part 1)
5. Reluctant Cat-Sitter! Will Graham (part 2)
6. Someone Give Will Graham All the Nice Things (AKA loving dad!Will Graham)
7. Molly Graham Don't Need No Man (but still, she was left changed)
8. Cop!Will Graham - Good Cop, Bad Dragon (Will Pulls Hannibal For Speeding)
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Many thanks to TaeAelin and VictoriaSkyeMarsters for inspiring me to spiral ever deeper into my hannigrammadness. This set of drabbles wouldn't have happened without y'all <3

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This is my first time writing for the Hannibal Fandom, and the first time writing Fanfic since the dark ages of fanfiction.net, lemons, and don't like don't read, so. I may be a bit rusty! Take pity on a poor, old, fan. I accept offerings of virtual cookies, fluffy blankets, and tales of nostalgia (as well as, but not limited to: Squees, eeks, cuddles, glomps, snuggles.. &c.)
Also, all errors are my own; no beta or anything for these. Concrit is much appreciated!

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See the end of the work for more notes

# Even Finicky Cats Don't Mind the Blood

Chapter Summary

> Hannibal's cat is judging Will's existential crisis. Will wishes Hannibal were here to fix things.

The refrigerator hums the next room over, slowly increasing in frequency, but he pays it little mind. He is not focused on the kitchen on the other side of the bathroom door, nor on the cat petulantly gazing at him as though it was a death sentence that would rest upon his shoulders should he not resume with play immediately.

The ache in his ankles spreading from where they pressed into the frigid tile was similarly unimportant. Ankles, after all, were essential to walking, and if the vibrant crimson staining his hands was any clue to just what his asleep body could do while walking without his consent…. Well. Maybe walking was a bad idea.

Red dripping from his fingers and onto the clean white tile seemed to shift in hue with the trembling of his hands, the dim light shining through the window catching shadows of purple and splashes of deeper red. It had looked black in the moonlight, when he first shook himself awake to the incessant barking of the dogs outside his bedroom. How long had he been kneeling with trembling hands?

He glanced around and frowned to himself at his phone lying a few feet to the side, where it had, apparently, clattered from his grip and across to the foot of the toilet, if the tiny splatters of blood that skittered in its wake were anything to go by. Had he….?

No, he wouldn’t have called anyone. There was no one to call, no one he would trust with bloodied hands and and sagging eyelids and frantic legs…
He was out of town. He eyed the cat nervously. The cat was primly licking one paw, refusing to partake in the nonsense. He snorted and rubbed at his face, belatedly remembering the blood. Of course. Well, he needed a shower anyway.

With a scathing look at the cat begrudgingly left in his care, he ran sticky fingers through his hair and shuffled to his feet. Even as he stepped into the shower on its coldest setting, still fully clothed, he sighed. This was becoming a problematic habit.

# You, Me, and a Date with Death

Chapter Summary

Will walks out of his mountain home to find a bit of an overdone present on his doorstep.

Chapter Notes

This chapter was written from a prompt exercise from the first person, where first person pronouns could only be used twice. (I cheated a little). I apologize if it is hard to read; I'm still figuring out ao3 formatting.

I’m truly unsure how it may have happened, but there it was. The grotesque display of human nature at its unfortunate finest, spread over the snow coating the ground and turning it a vibrant shade of red already dulling to a faded red-brown at the edges in the rising sun. The color was probably similar to that of the grass below the near-constant layer of icy cold that had coated every exposed inch of ground for going on ten months now.

Very unusual. Almost as unusual as the young man spread in blood-red chaos over once-garden, now death-ridden in a way that it hadn’t been in, well, quite a while. He coated the yard. Bits of him, really. Though, with the deep color blooming from each well-placed limb and digit protruding from the constant ache of cold, he may as well have been a blanket. A blanket of death more suffocating than months-long snow, more densely comforting than the fact that this man was, undoubtedly, very, very dead on the lawn.

People here have a strange way of expressing themselves, that’s for sure. To go through the trouble of bringing this young specimen up the ridges and sharp drops of a mountain, undoubtedly still alive, with the blood so completely coating all in sight while still not a drop seemed out of place, though… perhaps… Well, that would be more trouble than it was worth to impress a mountain hermit, unless they truly believed this display to be a cause worthy of systemic draining of blood in order that the design, the art, was perfect, untainted by even a single stray drop.

That was silly. Conflation of one’s self-worth to being worth of so much trouble, when used to unrestrained savagery of the act, well.
Savage this display might have been, but there was no denying the finesse with which it was

so meticulously put together. Not at all how I would have done it, but. It seemed that, perhaps, I might have an admirer.

How he had found this place was just as uncertain as how exactly he had achieved this perfection. Who was the man who had brought such magnificence to the doorstep of what the town at the foot of the mountain thought was a “humble woodsman,” loner though I might be, knowing what I am and what this display in my territory might bring down on his head. Not to mention the poor sod whose head rested delicately as any rose within his own cupped hands at the bottommost stair before the frozen ground. Unwilling to overstep his bounds… that had potential. Invading another hunter’s territory too far would have been a grave mistake.

I chuckled and watched for a moment more before I unleashed the dogs on the madness. Almost a shame, really. I would enjoy seeing what this man would do next.

# A Little Bird Told Me I Might Find You Pining

Chapter Summary

Hannibal's musings on the leash he holds on his own freedom while within his glass cell, waiting for his dark savior to realize that Hannibal wants to be rescued.

The bird flits from one side of the room to another, chirping like a scared child lost in a world that is big and scary and entirely not their own.
Its panicked chirping reverberates across the high ceiling, to and fro… to and fro… It is almost soothing in the infinite silence of an infinitely empty space.
He does not know how to save himself. A common plight, even in the avian world, it seems. Even with an open door, all we can see are the windows, barred with shimmering glass.

Hannibal can see his cage without even trying—close quarters will do that. And though he can think of at least three ways he can wiggle out on his own and be free by tomorrow, no open door required, it is a cage of his own making.
He had told Will Graham he would be here. His Will. And here he would stay, until the day his Will decided it was time to set him free, with or without doors, or blood and shattered glass. He might as well have been that bird.

He watches the bird, perched motionlessly behind his pristine desk, as it continues its fruitless beating against the windows. And then, suddenly, it ducks into the air shaft it surely must have come from, leaving Hannibal behind in his solitude, a pinned specimen behind glass until his lost FBI Agent (Special Investigator, the Will in his mind palace chided softly) deemed him worth of being released once more into the world.

# Wendigo, Writer, Narrator, Crime (MOVED)

Chapter Summary

moved to a stand-alone series

Chapter Notes

This honestly popped into my head while I was taking a bubble bath and brainstorming notes in dry-erase marker on the side of the tub. Try it sometime; it actually really works.

Definitely going to attempt to continue this one, because I have some fun ideas for where it will go. Sorry to have failed to introduce Hannibal in this part!

Next up is most likely a continuation of the catsitting!AU.

Moved to a stand alone series

# .... But Hannibal Might (cat!AU part 2)

Chapter Summary

Reluctant cat-sitter! AU part 2 ft. dirty paws

Chapter Notes

Little bit shorter than usual (not that they're ever all that long), but I wanted to post a next part without forcing more to happen than my write-brain wanted to at the time. Let me know where you think it might go from here! I'm curious what y'all think will happen next.

I think I may re-write this one, I'm not too happy with it.

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When, in the morning, Will dragged himself out of the now-drenched bed where he had collapsed before, he set straight out to figuring out what exactly he had done (or who, for that matter). However, when the noon sun rose high in the sky beyond his blackout curtains and he was yet unable to find any evidence of a poorly-hidden body other than that which he had washed down the drain during his impromptu midnight shower and the prints he had scrubbed from the floor with the unwelcome help of a now pink-stained cat, he was forced to acknowledge that he was in a bit more of a pickle than he had thought during his midnight-crisis. It figured, considering the state of his therapist's office and home, that having a white cat would not be a problem for the man. After all, nothing for Miss Karalienė to walk through to muss her dainty white paws, no, she'd marred them likely not at all until one mentally unstable Will Graham had allowed her to prance her perfect paws through pools of *blood*, no less. He would never hear the end of it, and there was no way he would survive *bathing* her.

He and Doctor Lecter may have been closer than the regular doctor-patient relationship norms and standards might allow for, but bloody murder-paws might be a step too far over the tenuous boundary. One bloody step for cat, one giant leap for cat-kind...

Staring at his now more-pristine-than-average floor as a manic giggle rose in his throat, and mourning the lack of hints as to the location of whatever poor sod had drenched Will in his blood, Will was forced to acknowledge that he had a problem. Not an "I slept-murdered someone and failed to cover my tracks" problem, but an "I slept-murdered someone and covered my tracks so well that I have no idea where I may have hidden the body" problem. Dr. Lecter was going to absolutely *flay* him.

# Sometimes Swimming Feels Like Drowning

Chapter Summary

Fatherly!Will Graham AU.
Someone give poor Will a hug, and let him enjoy his life without Hannibal as much as is possible before the inevitable crash that he knows is coming.

Chapter Notes

Yes, this has like... a tiny hint of Will/Molly. But I mean, come on. He was married to her. Tags have been updated accordingly. But she doesn't even talk, so it shouldn't be a problem. It's more wistful sighs on Will's part.

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It had been so long since Will had been underwater that when his head regained the surface, he spluttered at the feel of his ears being compressed, along with the harsh, metallic feel of water that had gone up his nose. Willy stared at him incredulously.

"You don't even remember how to dunk your head under in the shallow end?" He looked as though his hero had walked toward him to sign his exuberantly proffered arm, but had instead tripped over his own cape and fallen face-first into the dirt at his feet.

"Yeah, yeah, kid. Rub it in. I told you it had been a while. No time for fun and games in the FBI, and all that."

Willy snorted and ducked under to shoot from one side of the pool to the other, where his mother was languidly doing laps. "Lame, dad. Totally lame."

Molly's son certainly took after her-- she was gliding silently with long, mermaid strokes through the deep end, and Will was once more struck with exactly how much better than him she deserved. She deserved someone who could power through the water with the same ease, who could look at her warm, sun-kissed body gliding through glistening ripples on the surface without thinking of firmer arms, and darker uses for strength built by powering through seemingly innocent swim routines-- she deserved someone who had a chance in hell of saving her, especially from himself.

Willy popped his head from the water, close enough that Will was startled from his thoughts as he lost his tenuous hold on the edge of the pool, scraping his palm only enough that the chlorine stung slightly in cuts small enough that blood immediately faded into the clear of the water. He hissed a curse through his teeth, silently berating himself for thinking about… well.

Willy was oblivious, and for once Will was thankful that no one ever seemed to notice his inner demons fighting for the surface. "I'll race you to the other side! Loser tells Mom about the dogs eating those cookies she was saving for dessert tonight! You can keep your head above water, though, old man. Wouldn't want you to hurt yourself." He stuck out his tongue, and he was off, barely leaving Will time to think before hurrying after him and pulling him back by the ankle for a head start. He didn't want to be the one to face his wife's wrath, not by a long shot.

They deserved better, but he'd be damned if he gave up this tiny, doomed slice of happiness for anything.

# (Dead[ly]) Creatures of Habit

Chapter Summary

The rain is as soothing as the thought of an ocean spray against sharp rocks.

Chapter Notes

I really don't know, guys.

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Molly sat in the cafe, vaguely listening to the conversation at the table behind her, partially tuning it out in preference of the rain pattering against the large window at her front. She had chosen the bar seat in order to watch the people walking by, but that wasn't so frequent with the downpour herding people quickly into shop-doors like pissed-off cats, hissing and sputtering and shaking off their sandaled feet as though their dainty paws couldn't take a second more of the slight trickle of water that had splashed up from their running feet.

Molly had continued walking when it started, and after she had ordered her drink, had sat right in her usual location. Molly was nothing if not habit-driven. It came from years of living with her husband, a man who stuck to habits as though they were a lifeline without even noticing that they existed. Two fingers of whiskey at night, every night. Grumble and roll over when the dogs tried to wake them up too early; mutter a groggy thanks when she got up to let them out; roll over and immediately fall back asleep.

Ignore the letter in the penned hand that looked as though a professional calligrapher had written it. Walk down to the beach; ignore that anyone else in the world existed for a while, standing in the stream. Be a good dad for a few hours; play catch with the boy, fetch with the dog, offer some sort of bribe: ice cream, TV time, fly-tying lessons, in return for the boy keeping his sweet tea habit a secret.

Make awkward small talk through dinner; stay far from the kitchen. Ignore the letter in the nicely-penned hand. Whiskey. Pretend not to notice Molly pocketing the letter to add to the box she kept under the desk; she wasn't sure he knew that she actually kept them rather than just throwing them out. Rinse, repeat.

In a way, it was a relief when the news came that he was MIA, presumed dead at the foot of a cliff. She doubted he was, but it gave her a plausible reason for mourning, to move on. There was no way either of them would have let the other drown, not without the other close behind, and two bodies entwined would have washed up much faster than one. Mourn the husband he never could have been, comfort the son who had lost two fathers, place a discrete call to the shelter to let them know that Winston might need a place to stay for a few months while things got sorted. He'd come with a few personal items, for safe-keeping. His leash, for one. The rest of the homemade dog food, his favorite toy, the recipe for the food. A box to keep it all in, never mind the dust that had gathered on top, nor the empty space below the desk. If someone came for him, they could deal with that then.

Yes, Will had made Molly a creature of habit, but she wasn't about to stay that way. It had been nice while it lasted, but they had both known it wouldn't last. Even if, habitually, neither of them acknowledged it. It was better that way. And indulging in a few of the old habits in her own way now that he was gone? Well, that was just a way for Molly to remember him, tip her hat to them, wherever they were.

She looked out at the rain outside, and leaving her half-drunk unsweet tea behind (it never tasted the same, anymore), walked out the door and into the crisp cold of an ocean, rocks below be damned.

# Will Graham the Dildo Man

Chapter Summary

Today's Plot Bunny: Will is a Cop. A cop who likes Bad Dragon dildos. Go figure.

Chapter Notes

Typed in the bathtub. Literally. I have a new keyboard (Rock Candy), and it is AMAZING and submersible for less than 1 meter for less than 30 minutes. Therefore: bathtub keyboard. That is all.
This bunny came about because I just put my bad dragon sticker on my car today, and the promptly went the same direction as a cop, in front of the cop, for a mile and a half. It makes a person wonder, yanno?

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As Will Graham toggled the flashing lights on top of his vehicle, he couldn't help but curse this being his life. If the guy had been doing absolutely anything but going twenty over the speed limit, he maybe could have gotten away with letting it slide, simply so he wouldn't have to school his face into one that promised retribution for breaking the law and let not one ounce of recognition of the tiny sticker hidden to the bottom left of the rear window show in his face.

To be perfectly honest, the sticker itself seemed rather incongruous with as nice a car as the Bentley he was currently pulling, or else he might have been able to dismiss it more readily, play it off as something he didn't know the meaning of, even pretend he didn't notice it winking at him from the tinted back window.

After all, how many people would know what a tiny red and black dragon meant? And how many people would pay enough attention to even wonder about it in the first place if they didn't already know?

Will wasn't sure. After all, he had one safely secured inside his own vehicle, nowhere anyone would really notice it, hidden enough that only he could see it and share a chuckle with himself at what he was quietly broadcasting in plain sight.

The Bentley turned on its hazards, and Will resigned himself to an awkward inquisition of "did you know how fast you were going" and "were you aware that going 20 over was considered reckless" and most certainly NOT "so, which model is your personal favorite?"

Of course, Will's luck being what it was, after the requisite moment or two to let the guy sit and stew in his car cursing himself for breaking the law, the face looking up at him as he approached the window put his personal fantasies to shame. Forget whatever model this guy liked-- Will wanted to get down on his knees and beg the guy to use his own favorite right up against the hood of his squad car. (not that anyone needed to know that he sometimes kept it in the glove compartment for shits and giggles, or that it was lying there, nestled in a floral handkerchief, right at this very moment.)

"Uh, er. License and registration please?" he managed to fumble out, nearly biting the tip off of his tongue before the question he wanted to ask leapt out without his consent.

The man handed them over with a quirk of his thin lips, and glanced up at Will from below bangs only slightly tousled into his eyes. "I apologize, Officer... Graham. I had not realized how fast I was going until I saw your lights in the background. I must admit I was in a hurry to reach my destination."

Will's curiosity was piqued, and he leaned against the top of the doorframe, peering at the edge of his glasses to create the illusion of eye contact. The man's voice was coated in a caramel-thick accent the likes of which he hadn't heard before, even in DC, let alone Virginia. The tiny quirk of a smile had revealed adorably sharp teeth that were hidden away again in a flash, and Will found himself wondering where exactly this man was heading in such a rush, and how it might feel to have those teeth buried deep in the joint of neck and shoulder, a mating bite, even without the consequences that wouldn't reveal themselves in plain humans. He sighed, and shuffled the license to the front, looking at a picture of a much younger... Hannibal Lecter.

He would say he rather preferred this version, with the streaks of silver at his temples, and smile lines increasingly deep beside his eyes.

"Mr.... Hannibal Lecter. Where could you possibly have been headed in such a hurry that you felt the need to be driving 67 in a 45 zone? Granted, we are in the middle of nowhere, but even so, that's no excuse for reckless behavior."

There was a flash of mischief in the man's eyes as he glanced to the back seat, where a familiarly shaped package sat innocently, likely recently picked up, with no identifiable markings. Will's heart stuttered to a stop and restarted in double time as he tilted his gaze skyward, cursing his life. He knew that package. He'd only just recently gotten one at his own home-- he couldn't resist the giant sale for labor day weekend. His head began spinning in circles; such a small package could hide so many wonderfully big things. Will's own had carried a Crackers the size of his arm, complete with cumtube and giant bottle of lubricant,

red as blood and dark as night. He honestly hadn't expected a medium to be so very large, but once he'd done some real stretching...

His ass twinged as he shifted restlessly, attempting to remain professionally courteous, now simply hoping he could send this man on his way with a warning and get the hell out before a harassment lawsuit found its way to his doorstep next.

"Certainly, it's not worth quite so much of a rush, but I must say I had found myself rather exuberantly excited for a package that arrived at my place of work, today. I had hoped to open it this morning, but was called in to Quantico on urgent business, and as such have been impatiently waiting to get home all day. I apologize for my irresponsibility."

Will blinked. His... place of work? He had it delivered to work? Maybe he was wrong? He eyed the package dubiously. It certainly /looked/ to be the right size and shape, and the sale....

"I, uh, apologize Mr. Lecter, but I'm going to have to write you up. I'll bump your speed down to 64 as a warning, though. Next time try not to be so reckless. There's no use rushing home to open something up and getting yourself killed before you can." Will could feel his ears turning pink as he heard his own words. "I'll, er, ahem. I'll. Be right back." He gestured with the license and beat a quick retreat to the squad car, where his eyes lingered only a moment on the glove compartment. Now was seriously not the time.

"Dr. Lecter," the man said when Will returned, before Will could say anything. "I'm a doctor of psychiatry, focusing on the inner workings of the criminal mind, and I am generally fairly proud of making it through all the schooling."

Will's ears burned even hotter, and this time when his eyes rolled skyward, he wasn't even the least bit subtle about it. "Oh, come ON. Why?? He's a doctor, too?"

Mr.... Dr. Lecter was beginning to look offended, and his brown eyes glinted a dark, bloody red as he eyed Will up and down. He was about to open his mouth to say something when Will gave up on any chance of remaining professional and slammed his hand down in the window.

"What is it. Which one did you get. It was the discount, right? I couldn't resist, myself. I just. You have the sticker, and the box looks just the right size, and I know /I/ wasn't able to avoid another splurge on the sale, so it /has/ to be something fancy, right? Something you might not have bought otherwise? Is it a size thing? I /need to know/, Dr. Lecter. It's killing me. How do... with your car; your clothes are so fancy! So attractive? Why, how?? How is this a thing that happens when I'm on duty? Never happens to Lewis when he's on traffic. Leave it to me to find the one most attractive guy in all of the DMV, pull him over for a reckless, and find out he has A GIANT ANTHRO DILDO IN HIS BACKSEAT. WHY."

Dr. Lecter sat back, his incredulous look of discontent morphing into something decidedly more deliciously devious. "Ah, then. I see what it is, Officer Graham. You're wondering what might be hiding in my... what did you call it? My package?"

Will thought he might melt straight into the asphalt. He hoped for a car to speed past, ignoring the slow down, move over laws, running him over and putting him out of his self-induced misery once and for all. Better him than any of the good cops out there. Flattened into the hot, steaming road, maybe no one would be able to recognize him and point him out as that cop who sexually harrassed the guy he pulled over with horribly blatant, if accidental, innuendo, the cop who didn't deserve to even look at his badge, let alone wear it.

"I... I'm so sorry Dr. Lecter. I don't know what came over me. I'm... uh. Don't worry about that ticket. I'll take it out from the system; I must have read the radar wrong. Uh. En-enjoy your package. You'll want to get home before it, er. Melts. In the backseat. This heat, you know?"

He backed away slowly, ready to make his getaway, when a carefully manicured hand reached out to snag the sleeve of his non-regulation collared shirt (short sleeves made him nervous on the job), surprisingly strong in its hold. "No need. I was indeed at fault. However." Here Dr. Lecter handed over a thick, embossed, cream-colored business card, pulled seemingly effortlessly from the sleeve of the hand holding on to Will. "Usually I am not in the business of handing out my own cards, but I think that you may be in need of it. If you call me at my business number, it will be forwarded to my home phone if I'm off hours; perhaps you would like to schedule an appointment?"

Will grinned a little and pocketed the card, rubbing nervously at the back of his neck. "What is it they say in your profession, Doctor? You show me yours and I'll show you mine?"

"I will certainly bring mine along, then. It will likely help to open us up to a more... vigorous discussion, don't you think?"

That night, when Will parked the squad car on the dirt bank next to his long driveway, he looked up at the stars and thought, perhaps, he might be able to get along with a psychiatrist, after all. And when he was nestled in bed with a few of his favorite toys, he didn't hesitate for even a moment before he hit 'call'.

End Notes

Any of these could turn into larger stories, so if you're interested, please let me know! Even the tiniest comment helps hugely with inspiration. Y'all are the reason I keep posting! You mean the world to me.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!